EPH HOLLAND'S GUEST

By H. E. ARMSTRONG &

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I had not seen a house for five miles, and the light of the short November day was failing. A searching northcast wind chilled me to the marrow. My horse had gone lame, and I was leading him. In these mountain solitudes a man is a fool to let himself be lost, but plainly I had taken the wrong fork. I had begun to despair when I came upon a clearing and in the midst an unpainted house and a huddle of barns. A figure in jeans was drawing water at the well, one of the old fashfoned kind with a sweep,

"Can I put up here for the night?" I shouted in my cheeriest accents. The figure turned and stared at me, but there was no reply. I saw before me an old man with straggling locks and a -beard reaching to the waist. I repeated my question with a quaver, for the wild apperrance of the old man and his singular silence disconcerted me. He drew a clawlike hand down the length of his beard, and his eyes seemed to bore me through and through, but still/no word. With a curse for his incivility I turned away. and my horse hobbled after me with drooping head. Some impulse made me look back, and, lo, the old hermitsuch I took him to be-was waving me to return. We retraced our weary steps willingly enough.

"A raw evening," said I to my bost, with a desire to be sociable.

A jerk of the head, and it seemed to me that I caught a wintry gleam of hospitality in his eye, yet never a word be spoke, but took the horse by the bridle, pointing at the same time to the house, It was not an inviting place. The fire was almost at the last flicker. I sat down in one of the chairs, and it gave way under me. Somewhere in the uncertain light a leg rolled about. I recovered it, found the hole for it and tried the seat gingerly. In a little while my host staggered in with his arms full of wood, which he let fall on the hearth. I thought that I would let aim speak first this time, but down he went on his knees and blew

As the pine wood burst into flame and a ruddy light filled the room the old man lit an oil lamp. I then observed a shotgun on a rack over the mantelpiece and above the shotgun a rade chromo of Andrew Jackson in a gift frame, the only ornament in the room. My strange host, having replaced the lamp chimney, stared at me, his scrutiny. His eyes were very large, with cavernous depths, and the balls twitched as from a nervous affection. I had an uncle once who thought he was the grand mogul, and he had just such eyes before they took him away to the asylum. Once his eyes were off me I fought back the shivers and said as carelessly as I could:

"Kind o' lonely up here."

The effect on him, for his hearing seemed unimpaired, was to bring on a fit of twitching, and, what was worse and very horrible in a mute, the whole right side of his face moved violently up and down, as if he had lost control of his nerves. To hide his infirmity he turned his back on me and for awhile seemed to be going through a sort of spasm. The seizure passed off as quickly as it had come on, and he

Returning with a black saucepan, he wedged it in between the burning logs. He disappeared again, and I could bear him grinding coffee. The pot he placed on some side embers and then produced a loaf of bread and fell to cutting off liberal slices. These he toasted on a long fork. I had expected nothing better than fried salt pork, and, lo, a savory rabbit stew steamed before me! At first I ate like a longwhoreman. My host leaned against the wall and watched me. He would not eat. His eyes left my face only to fix ou space behind me with a startled expression that made me turn in my seat several times. I began to shake as with cold, but I knew it was fright. The handle of the cup slipped from my trembling fingers, the hot coffee streamed over my legs, with difficulty I repressed a yell, and the cup smashed | eloquent of his condition. into fragments on the floor. The hermit's face worked fearfully, and I leaped up.

"I didn't mean to do it!" I cried. The remark was supremely foolish. but I was terrified out of my wits. The effect on my bost was extraordimary. He bolted out into the night so suddenly that his chair was thrown down. I determined not to remain ionger as the guest of a madman. Before I could get out be confronted me on the threshold, and in his hollow eyes. there was a resolution that I should stay. I succumbed when he waved me to a seat. Then he took down the shotgun from the rack, patted the breech lovingly, pressed the lever, fumbled in his cost pocket and ran two cartridges into the barrels. When he suspped them into place, I thought my list hour bad come, so set, grim and evil accused his expression.

"That's a fine gun you have there?" I said, with my heart in my throat, feelhig that my only chance of life lay in getting possession of the shotgun.

"I'd like to examine it." said I, standing up and holding out my hands. It was a critical moment, and I remember that I shook as with a congestive chill.

The fierce old man held out the gun, and I grasped it, but before I could reverse it, my intention being to cover

clined as if listening.

There was a sound without, the best of a horse's hoof on the roadway. I broke past the lunstic and gained the wood shed behind him, slamming the door and putting my foot against it. Within reach was a small window, I shook the sash until it gave way, and I sent a cry for help out into the night. Was it heard? The horse was being urged up the bank, as if the rider were in hot haste.

1 peered out. What was my amazement when my host sallied forth, lamp in hand! By its light I saw the horse pulled up and a ragamuffin of a boy hand him a paper, swing the horse's head round and plunge down the bank. Raising the lamp above his head, the old man read the paper. He read a second time, as if to make sure of the contents, and then, lifting his head like a bound when it bays, he uttered a series of yells that the ridge gave back, with many reverterations. The next moment he was in the house, and the next outside with the leap of a springbok. A report followed. He had fired the gun. Bang! It went again. Rapidly reloading, he discharged both barrels and kept on firing until he had saluted the wilderness and the night eight

"Say, stranger, come out o' thar," he shouted at the wood shed. "I ain't a-goin' to hurt nary hair on yer head." I came bewildered into the living room, my face dripping with perspiration. He seized me in his arms and hugged me until I gasped.

"Look at that!" he said, thrusting into my hands the paper the boy had

Eph Helland, Head of Beaverkill Creek; Blaine concedes New York to Cleveland. He is elected beyond all doubt. Shake! ED BARNES. Editor Sullivan County Palladium.

And before I could say anything or ask any questions Eph Holland broke into a jig step, the while yelling like a Comanche.

"Likker up, you son o' a gun!" he roared at me, stopping from shortness of breath. He filled my glass and a tumbler for himself.

"Here's to Grover!" he said. "Drink I did not know what my politics was at that moment, but I drank, and

the stuff sent the blood back to my "Don't you think it's up to you to explain?" said I, with a sickly smile,

when he had drained his tumbler. The old man dropped into a chair, threw back his head and guffawed until his mirth ended in a violent fit of

"Oh, my!" he begain and went off into another explosion.

I did not laugh. The old fellow's manner had changed so completely, he had become so friendly, jovial and altogether human with the recovery of with hands on his hips. I did not like his speech, that I recalled my error of him with shamefaced feeling.

> "I thought you were a mute, andyes-crazy," I faltered.

"And that I wanted yer scalp," said the old man, wiping tears from his eyes. "But. great Betty, I can't blame you. Well, stranger, it was this way: I was very much worked up about the election; hadn't spoke a word since Tilden was beat in 1876; vowed I never | Cor. Fremont Street & Austin Place would till a Democrat was elected. That was eight years ago.'

"How about your hair and beard?" I asked, getting interested.

"Them was to grow," said Mr. Holland. "A right smart crop o' hair can be raised in eight years, and I ain't very prefty nohow. When you come long here last night. I didn't want to take you in-that's a fact-knowin' as how I couldn't talk yet. But I hated to turn man and beast away. It was mighty oncomfortable for you, warn't

"Well, rather," said I, drawing a deep breath.

"Dunno what'd ha' happened"-the old villain's grin bespoke enjoyment of the fright he had inspired-"if the boy hadn't come 'long with Ed Barnes' rippin' good news. But s'pose you could have crawled out o' the wood shed window when I warn't lookin'."

He chuckled and filled my glass agnin and his own. Then we talked politics and drank more whisky until a cock crew at the

rising of the moon, which was Eph Holland's step was unsteady when he piloted me up his crazy stairs to bed, and he stumbled down with a falsetto whoop for Grover which was

The Novel In Politica.

At first sight it seems remarkable that in the last sixty years we should have had not more than twoscore novels concerned with American politics and that of these not more than half a dozen should have dealt with the politician-by that word meaning all those who occupy public offices, control them or create them-in a fashion to challenge revious attention, says the Bookman. The timid or triffing manner in which the politician has often been approached suggests either complete ignorance of or indifference to the romantic possibilities of his career. For this neglect there is an explanation, of course, if not a good reason. In the case of the professional politician-the boss, ward worker, lobbyist or officeholder of the lower grade-the explanation is conveyed as nearly as can be by the word " loceliness." The average professional politician neither in ideas, bearing our appearance parades such qualities as invite admiration.

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Between The Enights of Pythias Building and Loan Association o Newark, N. J. complain-ant, and Pattie E. Ashley et al. defendants. Fi. fa. for sale of mortgaged premises. By virtue of the above stated writ of fleri

by public vendue, at the Court House, in New ark, on Tuesday, the fourteenth day of June next, at two clock P. M., all those tracts or parcels of labd and premises situate, lying and being in the town of Bloomfield. Essex county. First Tract-Reginning at a point in the east

line of the street known as Rairoad avenue now Glenwood avenue fifty feet south from the line of lands belonging to Balthazar Kinta; thence south forty two and a half degrees east five chains and forty nine buks to the pond and at the most southwesterly point of Judian. Hill; thence south along the borders of the pond at ordinary high water eighty-one and a half degrees east two chains; thence north fifty-eight degrees fifty-five minutes east one chain and thirty seven links; thence north ourteen degrees and twenty five minutes east three chains and thirty links; thence still along the borders of the wond north forty-eight and a half degrees west one chain and sixty-six links; thence north sixty five degrees and forty ninutes west two chains and thirty three links o lands of Balthazar Kintz; thence along his ine south thirty-seven and a quarter degrees west three chains and forty five links; thence north fifty two and three-quarter degrees west two chains and forty five links to the east line of Railroad avenue; thence southerly along said line to the place of beginning.
Also the lands lying on front of said tract to the centre of said Railroad avenue, subject to

the centre of said Railroad avenue, subject to the said street. Second Tract—Beginning at a point in the easterly line of the road leading from the Bloomfield Railroad depot to Orange (now Glenwood avenue), which point is the south-west corner of a tract of land conveyed by said Isaac D. Dodd to the said Tryphena Ashley by deed dated May 25, 1866; and thence running (1) along said easterly side of said road in a southerly direction fifty feet; thence (2) in an easterly direction parallel with the a utherly side of said tract so as above conveyed by said Isaac D. Dodd to said Tryphena Ashley to the pond; thence (3) along the borders of the pond at ordinary high water mark in a north-erly direction to the southerly line of the said lot conveyed as above to said Tryphena Ash-ley: thence (4) slong said southerly line in a westerly direction to the place of beginning. Being a strip of land fifty feet in width adjoining the first lot or tract herein.

Being the same two tracts of land conveyed to said Pattie E. Ashley by Tryphena Ashley (widow) by deed dated April 4, 1901, and to be

Newark, N. J., May 9, 1904. WILLIAM C. NICOLL, Sheriff. August W. Rosinger, Sol'r.

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NOTICE OF ADJOURNMENT.

Notice is hereby given that by direction of the Town Council of the Town of Bloomfield, in the County of Essex and State of New Jersey, that the public sale of real estate to make the unpaid taxes assessed on lands, tenements, hereditaments and real estate in the said town in the year 1902 on that portion for which there were no bidders, was adjourned from Tuesday, April 26, 1904, to Wednesday, June 1, 1904, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, at the office of the Town Collector in the Bloomfield National Bank Building in the Town of Bloomfield, County and

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